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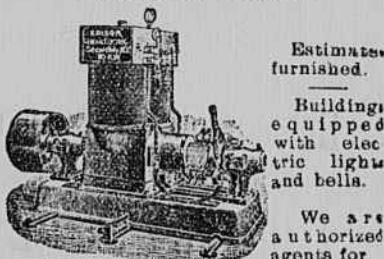
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sion stone, &c. Address,  
WILLIAM MCCARTY,  
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jan 15-17

**TO RETIRE FROM CONGRESS.**

Two Distinguished Men Who Have Had  
Enough of Public Life.

The simultaneous announcements of  
Senator Dawes and Congressman Blount  
that they will not accept re-election, but  
will retire at the end of their pres-  
ent terms, is a significant event.  
The men of the war era in con-  
gress are rapidly lessening. Senator  
Dawes' term ends next March, when  
he will be in his seventy-seventh  
year and at the end of thirty-six  
years in congress.

Congressman SENATOR H. L. DAWES,  
Blount is, but fifty-five years old, but has  
served continuously in the house for ten  
terms.

Henry Laurens Dawes was born Oct. 30,  
1816, in Cunningham, Mass., was gradu-  
ated at Yale in 1839, and after working  
some time as teacher and editor was ad-  
mitted to the bar in 1842. He served in  
the legislature from 1848 to 1850, was then  
elected to the state senate, was a member  
of the state constitutional convention of  
1853, and was elected to congress in 1859.  
Entering the Thirty-seventh congress as a  
new member at the age of forty-one, he  
rose so rapidly that he soon took rank as  
one of the leaders of the house.

His record for the next sixteen years is  
an important part of the history of the  
country. It would be difficult to name  
any great fiscal, economic or humanitarian  
legislation of the nine congresses from  
1857 to 1873 which does not bear the marks  
of his workmanship. He was the author  
of many tariff measures, and as chairman  
of the committee on ways and means  
shaped all legislation of that kind for  
many years. He declined a re-election to  
the Forty-fourth congress and was im-  
mediately chosen to succeed Charles Sum-  
ner in the senate, that statesman's unex-  
pected term having been filled by William  
B. Washburn.

On March 4, 1873, Mr. Dawes ended  
eighteen years' continuous service in the  
house and took his seat in the senate,  
where his eighteen years' of continuous  
service are soon to end. Among the many  
great works for which he is noted is his  
thorough reform of the system of dealing  
with the Indians has perhaps received the  
highest praise. He was appointed on a  
special committee to investigate the dis-  
turbances in the Indian territory, and his  
report thereon at once took rank as a polit-  
ical and governmental classic. He drew  
up and secured the passage of bills allot-  
ing lands in severalty to Indians, securing  
the treaty rights and educational and  
property interests of the Sioux and mak-  
ing the Indians amenable to the general  
criminal laws. The whole existing system  
of Indian education is the result of laws  
drafted by Senator Dawes.

He has withal done something in litera-  
ture and applied science, and in conjunc-  
tion with Professor Cleveland Abbe in  
1869 he began the work which resulted in  
the present "weather bulletin." In short,  
it is but simple justice to say that among  
the working legislators of this age Sena-  
tor Dawes has no superior, though he is  
not specially noted as an orator. His  
daughter, Anna, has also gained some  
reputation as a writer.

James H. Blount was born in Georgia,  
Sept. 12, 1837, and little was known of him  
outside the city of his residence—Macon—  
till he was elected to congress in 1872.  
It was an era of political chaos in the  
south. All sorts of schemes of relief  
were suggested, and the voters in a sort  
of desperation were calling for any new  
leader who offered himself. At such times  
it too often happens that men of bril-  
liant talents, but strangely erratic, acquire  
power. The fact that Mr. Blount soon  
proved himself a safe and cautious, though  
progressive legislator, had much to do  
with the firm hold he soon secured on his  
constituents.

He began his congressional career in the  
Forty-third congress, was successively  
elected to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth,  
Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth,  
Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first and Fifty-  
second, and with the close of the Fifty-  
second—next March—his public life will  
close by his own act. It was tacitly under-  
stood in the Sixth Georgia district in 1890  
that Mr. Blount would make that his last  
race for congress, and his opponents hinted  
that he wanted to go higher—to be gov-  
ernor and then United States senator. Be  
that as it may, he declared that ten suc-  
cessive elections to congress more than  
gratified his ambition.

Many amusing stories are told of Mr.  
Blount's talents in electioneering. He did  
not exactly know every voter in his dis-  
trict, but he did know every man of local  
influence, and knew his tastes and pecu-  
liarities. The story of his buying a lot of  
beaver traps at a job lot sale and sending  
them to a trapper constituent is an old one  
among Georgians, and it is scarcely neces-  
sary to add that every man of "trapper"  
tendencies voted for him on all possible  
occasions.

Where Women Do as They Please.  
The independence of Burmese women is  
remarkable. They manage their own  
affairs, have stalls in the bazaar, with  
which no one interferes, marry when they  
choose and divorce their husbands as soon  
as they please. No jealous veils cover  
their faces; no melancholy seclusion pre-  
vents them from mixing with the male  
sex. They first dance and laugh with as  
many admirers as they choose, and last of  
all they smoke—not dainty cigarettes on  
the sly, taking a whiff while they read the  
latest French novel, as their European sis-  
ters do; no, but cigars—cigars longer than  
men use in Europe; cigars a foot long and  
two inches in circumference, the price  
about two cents, and they smoke them all  
day.

An Indian Know Nothing.  
The Chickasaw Nation has elected Jonas  
Wolfe for governor of the tribe. Wolfe is  
a full blood Indian and belongs to the  
ultra Know Nothing faction of Chickasaw  
politicians. He does not speak a word of  
English, and is bitterly opposed to legisla-  
tion having a tendency to advance his peo-  
ple to the white man's plane.

To Sell at Double Price.  
The souvenir half dollars to be issued in  
support of the World's Columbian ex-  
position are to be sold at the rate of one dol-  
lar for each of the coins. The board of  
directors has decided to sell the souvenirs  
direct to the public instead of placing the  
entire issue in the hands of some syndicate.

**Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.****Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE**Swallows at Sea.**

Two days after leaving Port Said,  
Egypt, we had some very unsettled  
weather. Looking southward I ob-  
served what appeared to be a small  
black cloud rising and coming steadily  
toward our steamer. When I looked  
again a few minutes later, instead of  
seeing the cloud I saw some hundreds  
of swallows. They flew around our  
steamer several times, as though un-  
decided whether to stay until the storm  
passed. At last, just before dark, sev-  
eral of them alighted on the stay of our  
main funnel, which was soon one  
black mass of birds. The rain came  
down in torrents, and it was pitiful to  
see those frail creatures struggling with  
the wind and rain.

Those of them that could not find a  
roosting place soon commenced to fall  
on deck quite helplessly. I picked up all  
those that fell on the bridge deck and  
lodged them in the chartroom. Those  
birds that fell on the foredeck were  
sheltered in the forecastle by the crew.  
The next day came in bright and clear,  
with a light westerly breeze, and all the  
swallows took flight just at sunrise, fly-  
ing in a northwesterly direction. The  
captive birds were soon set free, and they  
followed in the wake of the others.  
I may say that all the birds we had were  
able to fly except one, and it died during  
the day. Several dead ones were found  
on the decks at daylight. These birds  
had beautiful plumage, and I fancy they  
looked rather smaller than the swallows  
I have seen in England. The captive  
birds had golden brown feathers just  
above and below the beak, and white  
breast; back, black feathers with a  
bluish tinge; wings and tail brown, and  
four white spots across.—New Castle  
Chronicle.

**The Coincident Curse of Gold.**

The goldseekers of both America and  
Australia have a singular but well  
grounded superstition that the discover-  
ers of hidden treasures are sure to meet  
with violent deaths. The original prop-  
rietors of between thirty-five and forty  
of the most prosperous gold and silver  
mines in this country are known to have  
come to just such ends. Out of the  
forty or less twelve were shot or stabbed  
to death in saloon or other brols, five  
committed suicide, three were engulfed  
by landslides, five turned murderers or  
robbers and were caught and executed  
in various ways, one fell into a boiling  
spring and had the flesh literally stewed  
from his bones, while the others have  
disappeared and no one knows what ever  
became of them.

George H. Fryer, once the millionaire  
proprietor of the Fryer Hill mine, com-  
mitted suicide in Denver after spending  
the last nickel between himself and star-  
vation. The discoverer of the great Stan-  
dard mine, in California, was caught and  
swallowed up in an avalanche; Colonel  
Story was killed by Indians; William  
Fairweather, of the famous Alder  
Gulch mine, died with the "frenzied  
horror" after a continuous two years' de-  
bauch. "Farrell of Meadow Lake" died  
with a terrible disease in a San  
Francisco hospital. The owner of that  
great mine, the Homestake, became a  
highwayman and was shot while robbing  
a stage coach. John Homer tried the  
same route that Fryer went. "Dough-  
nut Bill," "Ninenele Clarke," "Old En-  
reka" and many others were killed in  
saloons.—St. Louis Republic.

**Finest Carpets in the World.**

I mean to make a pilgrimage to Fon-  
tainbleau in order to see two wonderful  
carpets which have been transferred to  
the palace by the president's orders, and  
which are said to be the most superb  
articles of the kind in the world. They  
were ordered by Napoleon III at the  
Gobelins manufactory in 1863. They are  
of colossal dimensions, one being nearly  
thirty feet square, while the other is  
eleven yards long and ten yards wide.

It took ten years to complete them,  
and once finished their extraordinary  
size caused them to be packed away in  
the storehouse of Les Gobelins, whence  
they were not extracted even to be ex-  
hibited at the exhibitions of 1878 and  
1889. They are the finest articles of the  
kind that have been produced for the  
French government since Louis XIV or-  
dered "ninety-three carpets for cere-  
monies and festivals" to be manu-  
factured at La Savonnerie for the great  
ballrooms and reception rooms of the  
Louvre and Versailles.

The smaller of the two, which has a  
yellow ground, is set down in the in-  
ventory as being worth \$40,000, the  
larger, the ground of which is black,  
being estimated at \$50,000, though the  
real value of each is stated to be at  
least double.—Paris Letter.

**How Sir Gavan Duffy Looked.**

Mrs. Carlyle, in her "Journal," thus  
describes Sir Charles Gavan Duffy as he  
looked in 1844 during a visit he paid to  
"the sage of Chelsea." "Mr. Duffy quite  
took my husband's fancy, and mine also  
to a certain extent. With the coarsest  
of human faces, decidedly as like a  
horse's as a man's, he is one of the people  
that I should get to think beautiful."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy himself tells  
this story: An artist named Cromley  
painted his portrait and bestowed on him  
a dreamy poetic face which might have  
passed for Shelley's. The portrait was  
shown to Daniel O'Connell by the  
artist in presence of Duffy. "Is not that  
very like Duffy," said Cromley. "H'm,"  
said O'Connell, looking from the por-  
trait to the original, "I wish Duffy was  
very like that."—London Star.

**MARE SERENITATIS.**

There all is waste and wild and dark and  
drear,  
The deepest silence—still in death;  
No flying wing, no winding call—the ear  
Hears not the slightest breath.

All, all is wild; no sunshine falls. Alone,  
The very mountains seem to sleep.  
No pine tree rock in wavy breeze. No moan  
Comes from that silence of the deep.

From Tycho's broad chaotic waste to where  
Gauchid's crater spreads,  
There lurid, darksome mountains catch the  
glare  
Eternal o'er their heads.

Where are the souls that once those voices did  
fill—  
That poured their hearts above  
Once gushing stream, now dried up, wasted  
rill,  
Once music soft as love?

Oh, that deserted world above who knows  
What hand hath made it so?  
What epic strain could sweep in song its woes,  
Divine what cause hath laid it low?

Oh, nay, 'tis not for human art to soar  
That vast chaotic deep!  
When time and place and art shall be no  
more,  
'Twill rouse from mystic sleep.  
—E. T. O'Loughlin in Godley's Lady's Book.

**City Girls Water Their Horses.**

W. W. Hall, a young farmer near  
Montpelier, enjoyed himself hugely a  
few days back in watching a couple of  
city girls attempt to water their horses  
at the trough at his place. The horses  
were checked up, and of course could  
not get their noses down to the water.  
This seemed to surprise the young ladies  
at first, but finally realizing the trouble  
they both got out of the buggy, and go-  
ing behind lifted up on the hind axle  
and after raising the hind wheels clear  
off the ground peeped around the sides  
of the vehicle to see the horses drink.  
Finding that the horses didn't seem to  
know enough to stick their heads down  
at the same time they raised the hind  
wheels one girl remained behind to hold  
the buggy up and the other went to the  
horses' heads and tried to pull their  
noses down to the water.

After laughing till he shook several  
boards off the side of the blacksmith  
shop from where he watched the girls  
lift on the buggy and pull on the horses'  
heads till they were red in the face and  
almost ready to cry, Will went to their  
assistance and unchecked the horses.  
The young ladies gazed at first in be-  
wilderedment, and then with a kind of  
calmly tucked the robe around them,  
leaned back in their seats, and, after wait-  
ing for their horses to drink, drove off,  
leaving Will to sit down on the corner of  
the trough and ruminate over the city  
gal and her way of doing things.—Mo-  
desto Herald.

**The Mozartian System.**

The all pervading principle of the Mo-  
zartian system was a consciousness of the  
construction and an unmistakable geog-  
raphy of tonality. Before Mozart, melodic  
figures, subjects and keys, with all other  
theoretical addenda at the disposal of the  
creative musician, were confused.  
Mere bits of tune and jingle, with a bril-  
liant passage here and there, constitute  
a movement, or even a composition.  
Haydn had brought much chaotic and  
irregular theoretical lore into clear and  
definite shape, but Mozart simplified  
matters still more. Introducing the  
keenest outlines, the most beautiful fig-  
ures, together with clear and lucid  
teachings, he defined the formal con-  
struction of the movement, section, re-  
peat, etc., until now the musician or  
student can set out with his principal  
subject or theme, and having no misgiv-  
ings concerning the dogmas of subsidiary  
subject, complimentary keys and the  
like.

Schooled in Mozart's principles of con-  
struction, the student could pilot him-  
self safely through the intricacies of the  
most advanced symphony, and it is for  
his labors and the pattern he set in this  
direction that the world of music de-  
lights to do honor to the name of Mozart.  
—Blackwood's Magazine.

**How the Mosquito Does It.**

A mosquito's bill is an elaborate con-  
trivance and consists of two sharp saws  
and a lance inclosed in a sheath which  
is also employed as a pump. The saws  
are bony, but flexible, and the teeth are  
near the end which is pointed. The  
lance is perhaps the most perfect instru-  
ment known in the world of minute  
things. It is first thrust into the flesh  
and the opening is enlarged by the saws,  
which play beside it until the sheath can  
be inserted. The sawing is what causes  
irritation when a mosquito is biting.  
—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

**Politics and Presents.**

A recent English bridegroom gave to  
the bridesmaids at his wedding brooches  
upon which were inscribed the number  
"933." This, it seems, was the majority  
by which he secured political prefer-  
ment. If Americans should take to  
mixing politics with social events some  
curious results might be evolved.—New  
York Times.

Saratoga, Kan., has a \$30,000 opera  
house, but only the music of insects is  
ever heard there; there is not a resident  
in the town. It also has a \$30,000 school  
house, but merry little voices never echo  
there.

Portland has what is claimed to be  
the largest derrick ever erected in  
Maine. The mast is 82 feet in length  
and 23 inches in diameter; the boom is  
56 feet long and 15 inches in diameter.

**GETTING SOMETHING TO DO.**

A Few Practical Hints for Those Who  
Are Hunting for Work.

There is hardly a large establishment  
of any kind, whether it be a newspaper  
office, a manufactory or a trade estab-  
lishment, that has not applications con-  
stantly from young men who want  
something to do. It is often painful to  
see the hopeless look upon the appli-  
cants' faces as they turn away disap-  
pointed, and the scene becomes the  
more painful when it is reflected that  
many of them doubtless have capacity  
for remunerative work, and would  
faithfully attend to it if they had the  
chance.

The truth is that the world is slow to  
take any man entirely on trust. The  
greatest singers, the greatest painters,  
the greatest writers have had to con-  
vince the world that it had need of them  
before it was willing to give them a  
subsistence. So true is this that it  
might almost be laid down as an axiom  
of success that it is only to be won by a  
hard struggle. It takes the attrition of  
poverty to bring out what is brightest  
in a man. It may be a hardship, but it  
seems to be a law of the social economy,  
and being a law it must have justice  
and compensation in it somewhere.

The question of "getting a position"  
resolves itself into two grand essentials—  
first, proficiency of some sort, which  
stands for dollars and cents in the  
world's market place, and, next, tact to  
demonstrate this proficiency in a way to  
attract the world's attention.

It is a mistake to depend on "in-  
fluence" to get work in a legitimate call-  
ing; influence belongs more properly to  
the domain of politics. As a rule, too,  
it is a mistake to ask or to expect em-  
ployment on the ground of charity—not  
that charity and business are incom-  
patible, but that each should stand on  
its own bottom. The best recommenda-  
tion is a sample of your work; that, with  
a frank address and neatness of appear-  
ance—for "the apparel oft proclaims  
the man"—may often prove the "open  
sesame" to success.

While it is good to have a due ap-  
preciation of one's abilities, it is not good  
to be too exacting as to the field for  
their display. The distance between  
the foot of a ladder and the top is but a  
short span to him who has within him-  
self the power of rising.

The writer heard of a young man who,  
being in needy circumstances, went  
bravely to work at the first thing at  
hand—trench digging for a contractor.  
That was his first opportunity. One day  
his employer—not a well educated man  
—needed some one to keep a time roll of  
the men. The young man volunteered.  
The contractor took a fancy to him,  
found him increasingly useful, and the  
young man is now well up the ladder.

It is another requisite of the success-  
ful worker that he shall be in love with  
his work. If he is a mechanic, he will  
take pride in his tools; if he is a book-  
keeper, he will plume himself on the  
merits of his pen and on the neatness  
and forwardness of his accounts. Julian  
Hawthorne counts among the pleasures  
of authorship the satisfaction got from  
good writing materials. As the late  
Colonel Forney once said to a youthful  
member of the staff, "A man must work  
con amore to have his work worth any-  
thing."

A young lady who wished a place as  
typewriter got it in a common sense  
way. She wrote out a half dozen "re-  
plies," so to speak, brief, businesslike  
and respectful, setting forth her experi-  
ence, qualifications and ideas as to pay,  
putting her figures rather above the  
market rate. Next morning there were  
four advertisements for typewriters.  
She promptly mailed her four replies di-  
rectly at the main postoffice, inclosing  
a two cent stamp in each. One of the  
four shots brought down her bird.  
That evening her position came to her  
by mail.

It is not true that the world is a better  
market for muscles than for brains. The  
difficulty is that brain matter, whatever  
its native brightness, is practically  
worthless without training and experi-  
ence. For one play produced by a man-  
ager a thousand are rejected. The ac-  
cepted one may be inferior in many re-  
spects to many a rejected one, may have  
less talent in it, but it is from a trained  
head and it suits the manager's want,  
and that is enough. It is so with story  
writing—with headwork of every kind.  
Suitability is the quality that gives it pec-  
uniary value.

Men and women who, with certain  
brilliant qualities, fail to realize this  
truth often fancy that the conditions  
of success are hard and limited. Yet  
theatrical managers, magazine pub-  
lishers and many others are subject to  
the very same law themselves. They in  
turn are employees of the public. They  
must suit it, or it will turn elsewhere  
for what it wants.

Finally, it is not necessary that a want  
should be proclaimed in order to exist.  
Sometimes it may be anticipated. Some-  
times it may even be created. Whoever  
can create a want for his wares or his  
work is on the way to masterful success.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Breadcrumbs in Roquefort Cheese.**

The demand for Roquefort cheese has  
become so great that trickery now plays  
a part in the ripening process. The  
peasants have learned that "time is  
money," and they have found that bread-  
crumbs mixed with the curd cause those  
green streaks of moldiness which de-  
note that the cheese is fit for the mar-  
ket, to appear much more readily than  
was formerly the case, when it was left  
to do the best it could for itself with  
the aid of a subterranean atmosphere.  
This is not exactly cheating; it is com-  
mercial enterprise, the result of com-  
petition and other circumstances too  
strong for poor human nature. In  
cheesemaking breadcrumbs are found to  
be a cheap substitute for time, and it  
is said that those who have taken to beer  
brewing in this region have found that  
box, which here is the commonest of  
shrubs, is a cheap substitute for hops.  
The notion that brass pins are stuck into  
Roquefort cheese to make it turn green  
is founded on fiction.—Temple Bar.

**CITY DIRECTORY.**

Of the Principal Business  
Houses of Roanoke.

The following is published daily for  
the benefit of strangers and the public  
generally. It includes all trades and  
professions and cannot fail to prove of  
interest to all who intend transacting  
business in Roanoke:

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NOLAN & DE SAUSSURE, Architects, Ma-  
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WM. L. REID, Masonic Temple.  
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B. F. ALLEN, 3 Commerce st. (wholesale dealer  
in fruit and produce), 'phone 190.

CORNICES, SLATE AND TIN ROOFING.

THE ROANOKE ROOFING AND METAL COR-  
NICE COMPANY, Room 703, Terry Building.

**COURT STENOGRAPHER.**

CHAS. S. GRAVES, office room 606 Terry Bldg.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELRY.

D. L. SOLOMON, 108 Salem ave.

**DRUGGISTS.**

HALLER & BARNES, corner Jefferson & Nor-  
folk ave.; tel. 200.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR.**

G. W. SISLER, 407 Second st. n. e. (collins, cas-  
kets, robes, &c.), Tel. 108.

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